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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910.

Democracy and 1912.

With New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, West Virginia, and Indiana returning to their old-time party affiliations, their former normal alignments—recalling the victorious days of Tilden, Hendricks, Cleveland, and other successful leaders a quarter of a century and more ago—and with Ohio and Massachusetts abnormally joined in the relationship—calling to mind Thurman and Russell—the Democratic party may well be inspired with high hopes for 1912.

It is easily conceivable that the tide of 1890, recorded by Tuesday's landslide, may in two years be followed by a repetition of 1892. All the more conceivable is it with men of the caliber of Wilson, Dix, Marshall, and Baldwin intrusted with the party's destinies in States traditionally Democratic under normal conditions. Marshall has already demonstrated conspicuously the qualities of sane, progressive leadership, and if the governors-elect in the East measure up to their opportunities for public service as he has done, their availability for greater service and highest honors will be apparent to all in 1912. Certainly, in the meantime, it is to such statesmen as these that the party will look for safe guidance and prudent counsel.

As we have said before, the Democratic party has but to use, and not abuse, the opportunity if it would become great and strong and install itself once more and firmly in the country's confidence. It must not shilly-shally play politics, but proceed steadily and soberly to practice statesmanship—courageous, constructive, and progressive statesmanship, particularly in Congress.

Then, with great States in safe executive hands, the Democratic party's future will be bright indeed.

That last remark of Hamlet, "The rest is silence," ought to be paraphrased now: "The silence is rest."

The Good Fellow.

We all know the "good fellow"; he is the inmate of most clubs. He is often to be found with his elbow on the saloon bar ready to buy a drink for any chance comers; he is always ready to take a hand in a game of draw, just to accommodate his friends; he can usually dig up a dollar or two to loan a comrade, even though he cannot afford to buy his wife a new dress; the drawer in his desk that holds a box of 25-cent cigars usually contains a few unpaid bills; his clothes are always well pressed, though his son's stockings may have holes in the knees. But—he's a good fellow; nobody's enemy but his own is about the one thing that his so-called friends are agreed upon about him—a good fellow, and to be known as such is the height of his ambition.

There are so many of them in the world—these good fellows. One of them was arrested the other day in Chicago by the Federal officers on a charge of having embezzled \$5,000 of government funds. When he was arrested he had just one-quarter of a dollar in his pockets. When he was searched by the police and this coin was found, he was asked if it was all he had. "Yes," he said; "I was always a good fellow."

Among perfectly normal and sane people the verdict on this poor devil of a postmaster will be that he was all sorts of a fool; but what a lot of them there are! We suppose that all men have to be ambitious about something, but what pitiful ambitions some of them are. Even a good burglar, we imagine, has an ambition to shine above his fellows, and so, trying something more than particularly audacious, gets caught and is sent to prison. But the ambition to get a reputation as a "good fellow"—could anything seem more insane? It betrays in its possessor an overweening vanity; the desire to appear well in the eyes of his fellows, without anything inherent in himself to justify the good opinions of his comrades. To be a good fellow is to desire the appearance of being a success without the ability to succeed. It means that a man, having nothing in himself that is sufficiently appealing, no graces of intellect or charm of manner or unusual ability, is willing to let the free spending of money speak for him; to gather around him a set of cronies who value him not for what he is, but for what he can do in the way of spending money. So it was with this postmaster in Illinois. He spent his money freely and had hosts of "friends." He won the name of being a "good fellow," and, having gained it, his pitiful and wrong ambition would not let him give it up. And so, when his own means were exhausted, he borrowed from the government, intending to replace the money some day. But before that day came the law moved, and now he is in jail on his way, in due course, to the penitentiary, where so many "good fellows" of similar ambition have arrived already.

Where are his friends now? Just where a "good fellow's" friends usually are. They are gathered about the club, or the bar, or the poker game, and if they speak of the fate that has befallen him it is to say, probably, that "he was a good fellow, but a fool." For it is characteristic of the "good fellow" that all his good fellowship will not find him friends that will stick in time of trouble. In the case of the Illinois postmaster there is a lesson for a good many of us. Good fellowship never got a man anywhere that was worth getting to. The road to good fellowship is the road to ruin.

Things that happen to great men remind us
By bidding where they cannot find us
And keeping silence for a time.

A Socialist in the House.

One result of Tuesday's elections that establishes a precedent is the sending to Congress of the first Socialist member, Victor L. Berger, one of the most prominent Socialists in the United States, has been elected in the Fifth Wisconsin district over Henry C. Cochems, his Republican adversary.

A few years ago such an event would have provoked the widest comment, and perhaps amazement. It has not been so long since the term Socialist was used, almost universally, as a term of reproach. In the popular mind it had something of the same meaning as anarchist. But with the years has come a better understanding of Socialism, and though there are many to-day who still shy at the term—as if in this day and age the mere label mattered in any case—we know that both of the older parties have to a greater or less degree been leavened by the Socialistic doctrine, and measures that a few years ago would have been held revolutionary or economic are the subject for calm consideration and discussion.

In numbering in our national legislative body a Socialist the United States is only following the general trend of all civilized countries. England has long had Socialists not only in her House of Commons, but has elevated them, when they proved able, as in the case of John Burns, to a position in the cabinet. In France the Socialists have proved their power, and in the German Reichstag the Social Democrats hold the balance of power between the older established parties.

With a Socialist member in Congress, the American workingman may claim that he has a direct representative, and in Mr. Berger, an able one. It is not probable, of course, that one representative of a large number of people—for the theories of Socialism are gaining great headway these days—will be able actually to accomplish much, but at least he will have a voice and an influence, and a beginning has been made.

With many of the theories of ultra-socialism we have little in common, but in so far as it appeals for justice to the lowly, for fairness between man and man, for the doctrine of equal opportunity, we can hail gladly its voice in our legislative halls.

If Nic Longworth had given away some 40-cent bacon with his free cook books, Ohio might have done better.

Uncle Sam and Panama.

President Taft, on his visit to Panama, will have a chance again to reassure the President of that republic that he has no hostile designs, such as "annexation" or "control."

A controversy between these two countries seems like a quarrel between a giant and a pygmy compelled to dwell in the same house. The treaty, by virtue of which Panama exists, has granted the United States the use of the Zone strip in perpetuity; also complete control of certain coast lines and strategic islands for the fortification of the canal.

The dependence of the Panamanians on the United States ought to be so clear and the extent of our authority so apparent as to render the recent discussion of the formality of annexation superfluous.

We could suggest an appropriate name for Pauline Wayne's baby bull calf, but we refrain.

Army Starvation.

An interesting controversy is prevailing among the military authorities concerning the necessity of an army emergency ration. The new ration of this type is composed of three cakes, each made up of a mixture of chocolate, milk, and egg, the whole in a tin envelope, which, on account of its shape, size, and weight, is easily carried in the pocket of the soldier. The three cakes are expected to subsist a man for one day. Gen. F. D. Grant, on his recent physical test, covering a period of three days, was able to live on a third of the allotted ration, with no detrimental effect upon his physical comfort and with no sense of hunger. Others have had the same experience. One army officer, however, writes that he prefers to go without food to subsisting upon the emergency ration, and there are others in the service who share with him this preference. This has brought up a question whether it is necessary to have an emergency ration, requiring the government to go to considerable expense in acquiring a reserve stock of this class of army subsistence. The critics of the emergency ration make much of the fact that they have been able to get along without food for short periods when they might have used the emergency ration.

Of course, the emergency ration is not intended as regular soldier diet in the field. All sorts of special provisions have been made by the army officers to meet the most unpromising and difficult situations, but there will be times, obviously, when the command is remote from the base of supplies and cannot be reached by the field bakeries for hours. In such an event the emergency ration, as its name implies, must serve a very useful purpose in maintaining the strength of the fighter and preventing collapse from lack of food when he may be required to march long distances and be exposed to the rigors of inclement weather. The emergency ration, in reality, is a substitute for nothing at all in the way of food. It is a precaution against hunger, which has a demoralizing, not to say paralyzing, effect upon the soldier. Those

who wish to go without the emergency ration and overcome hunger by mental effort still have that privilege, notwithstanding the provision of the emergency ration, of which it is imaginable there will be many grateful beneficiaries. It would seem the better part of valor, indeed, to have the emergency ration at hand for those who are not entirely satisfied to go on the starvation basis, without hindrance to others who prefer abstinence from food. It would also seem that the military authorities might be criticized had they provided no emergency ration which attempts to meet an unfavorable situation for those who need the relief, without furnishing the grievance on the part of those who are above the thought of subsistence in the field in time of war.

A woman in Illinois boasts that she has an eleven-foot snake as a pet. When a man acquires those things he tries to keep quiet about them.

Well, they wouldn't dance to Bob Taylor's fiddle in Tennessee!

The Indiana authors having failed properly to support him, Senator Beveridge will probably join their ranks.

Those hats that cover the girls' faces are in favor because they can be worn without halpins. For our part, we would rather risk the pins and see more girl and less hat.

Now that it is all over, you can look in the shop windows and notice that Thanksgiving and Christmas are not far away.

No more speeches until Congress meets. Thanks!

In one of her reforms China deserves the hearty support of all Americans, and that is in her prohibition of Chinese men marrying white women.

Of course, Mark Twain's heirs get that \$50,000, but he left the rest of us a pretty good legacy, too.

Well, are Champ Clark's mules ready?

We see little sense in having a chicken play a party emblem when the colored population so seldom gets a chance to vote.

The returns from Danville, Ill., were strictly Canonical.

Now the drivers of hand wagons can join the taxicab strikers.

England has no protective tariff—in fact, is a free trade country—yet the high cost of living there was given as the cause for the threatened strike of 150,000 mill operatives.

A Kansas City widow married her stepson the other day. Like father, like son.

That extra two weeks granted to Dr. Crippen will prove to be rather an unpleasant fortnight, no doubt.

Senator Beveridge says that no man can make a million dollars honestly. Most men are safe from suspicion.

THE LITERARY TRAMP.

Rider Haggard's Experience as John Hays Hammond's Guest.

From Popular Magazine.
Rider Haggard was traveling across the United States as the guest of John Hays Hammond in Hammond's private car.
"What I want to see," said Haggard, "is the real tramp. I haven't seen one since I reached this country. I can't believe you have as many as has been stated to be the case."
Harris Hammond, the eldest son of John Hays, responded:
"I'll show you one at the next stop."
He had seen one riding on the trucks under the car, and at the next station he went down and called the hobo out. When the tramp entered the car he was covered with clinders and dust and looked like something from the lower regions. Hammond shook hands with him and introduced him, saying:
"This is Mr. Rider Haggard."
Rider Haggard exclaimed the hobo, "Why I've read all of your books, and loved every one of them."
Then he sat down and discussed literature with Haggard for half an hour. At the end of the talk Harris took him back, let him get some of the dust and clinders off, and handed him a good cigar.
"That fellow's not a tramp," said Haggard. "He's a gentleman in distress."

Jury Fixing.

From the New York World.
James W. Osborne has performed an important public service in causing the arrest of a juror charged with accepting a bribe in the Rosenheimer murder trial.
There are things a lawyer may not do. He may not connive at removing evidence or witnesses from the jurisdiction. He may not have knowledge of perjury and remain silent. He may not consent to jury fixing. Yet lawyers have done all these things in New York. Perjury is common. Jury fixing has been notorious.

The more reason for making an example of any man caught attempting such a crime. In justice to the people and to the accused, trial of the issue should be quick and short and sharp.

Good as Her Word.

From the Chicago Tribune.
"Lody, you said 'no questions asked.'"
"I haven't asked you any questions, you thief! I've merely said you stole the dog. Here's your reward. Now get out, you scoundrel, before I throw a dipper of scalding water on you!"

THE JOURNEY'S LENGTH.

(In quo corrigit.)

The days drag out their weary length.
Each dawn, each eve, one monotone;
The striving soul is sapped of strength,
Life's dusty path I tread alone.
Why work we here for empty praise?
Hopes dead no waning faith may raise.
Nor bid the spirit strive again—
'Gainst days of toil and nights of pain—
To wondrous joys of elder days.

In vain for us to disavow
The sins that hold us lagging here;
That bid us view the past with fear;
That make us strive for joyless cheer.
Life moves too swift for joy or ease.
Swift through unthinking slumber's seas.
There is no lure in vale or hill—
No music in the meadow's rill.
No comfort in tempestuous seas.
The days have passed we could have wept
To know we'd falter at the test;
To feel our aims inane, inept.
And know our place with worst, not best.
Once, did the angels walk with me;
When Youth meant hope, and life was free.
But now when youth and joy have died,
None courage has to walk beside
Me—to Gethsemane!

HECTOR FULLER.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

Some complain that time hangs heavy,
And they whine—
Even gather in a bevy
To repine.

That's a thing which doesn't worry
Poorer folk;
Time is always in a hurry
When you're broke.

Yes; time fairly goes a-humming
In a stroke
When you have collectors coming
Every week.

Just So.
"Pa, what is meant by a dealer in futures?"
"A fortune teller, my son."

THE CUSTOMARY CLIMAX.

"How did the new play end?"
"In a usual way."
"And what do you call the usual way?"
"In a whirl of hats and feathers and opera cloaks."

THE BANDIT FOLLOWS.

"Pinch your sister's muff, Jimmy."
We want that muff for de captain's bearskin cap.
"She won't let me have de muff."
"Well, ain't yer got yer trusty two-handed sword?"
"Yes; but she's got a hatpin."

DUE TO HER GOWN.

The woman of fashion
This season is found
Tired out and just able
To hobble around.

A QUICK WORKER.

"I don't believe in taking two bites at a cherry."
"Nor two sips at a cocktail, I notice."

A LOVELY FAD.

"Have you tried smoking tea cigarettes?" inquired Mrs. De Style.
"Why, no, my dear. Are they so pleasant?"
"No; but they are very injurious."

BOTH IN DISAGREE.

"No, friend; I ain't no hobo nor vag. I'm simply walking around de world on a bet."

"I'm glad you told me dat, pal, as I'm gathering data for a book on tramps. I was about to put you down for a pronounced type of bum."

SOCIETY AT MARKET.

Washington Matrons Who Go to Purchase Household Supplies.

"Domestic science" has many votaries in Washington society this season following the good example of Mrs. Taft who, unlike many women of literary and musical talent, is a good housekeeper as well. Mrs. Taft has revived the good old White House custom of visiting personally once or twice a week, the attractive market that is as historic as the Capitol itself, and going about choosing titbits and dainties for the Presidential table.

The example is being followed and the market on big days is a regular rendezvous for society. Many of the Four Hundred load their automobiles and carriages with baskets of fruits and vegetables and even meat. Among them are Mrs. Sherman, wife of the Vice President, Mrs. Robert Roosevelt, Mrs. Francis Berger Moran, and Mrs. A. C. Barney.

The belles and debutantes have organized a domestic science club. Twice a week they make cakes, desserts, and entrees. The club members plan to give a luncheon some time this winter. They will invite their skeptical friends to a meal prepared entirely by society cooks.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Negotiations between Spain and the Vatican are to be resumed shortly. While the controversy is quite feverishly waged and no one can tell the outcome, it is believed the former diplomatic relations will be renewed.

The budget for the German navy asks an increase of 200,000,000 marks. This does not look as though the Kaiser were preparing for war with England, which is spending many times that amount on sea ships. These figures ought to contradict at least the Germanophobia in the London jingo press.

At Brussels Tuesday the populace used quite a novel method to acquaint the King with his wishes. As King Albert was driving from his palace to Parliament, a million slips of paper, containing a demand for universal suffrage, stormed the royal cortege. Harmless missiles, though a great deal more effective than bombs.

Japan's recent and pronounced change of attitude is not caused by the Chinese loan so much or by what Mr. Schiff had to say about the "unlucky alliance" with Russia as by the fact that the Panama Canal is to be opened for business a whole year ahead of the time stipulated at first. One of the greatest American statesmen said some three years ago that if Japan had any hostile intentions toward the United States they would become apparent just before the opening of the Panama Canal.

The Prussian government will ask for a grant to provide for itinerant housekeeping schools. These are to move from place to place and give instruction in housekeeping to the daughters of laborers, craftsmen, and farming folk. The plan comprises cooking, baking, conserving and putting up fruit, vegetables, and other food articles; dairying, feeding, and care of farm animals; poultry culture, raising of fruit and vegetables, cleaning and sanitation of the home, nutrition, and health. Schools of this sort have been in existence in the Indian provinces and in other parts of the empire, and have been of great benefit. It is now intended to provide such a school on wheels for every county in Prussia.

Real Gentility.

From Puck.
"Carry that fellow, Motomoto, is a pretty decent sort, isn't he?"
"Chugley—One in a thousand! Why, he never allows his victims to wait for an ambulance—always utilizes his own car."

SOCIAL GOSSIP OF FOREIGN CAPITALS.

From all I can gather, "Queen Mary" is the ruling spirit in the present British court circles, and that scarcely anything is being done without asking "Queen Mary." In other words, Queen Mary, King George's consort, the ruler of Great Britain, we all know, is a quiet, easy going man, reflecting, as second son, without any reasonable prospects of ever ascending the throne, the training he got while being educated for the navy. The King naturally is taciturn and seems to prefer to rely upon the good sense of his Queen, who, by the way, is a remarkably shrewd woman.

At any rate, the expression, "I must ask Queen Mary," is becoming a byword at the court nowadays, and cabinet ministers seem to have become accustomed to discussing matters of state with the Queen, even when the King is present. In fact, they have formed very decided opinions respecting "Queen Mary's" abilities and insight into affairs of import, but also of her knowledge of precedents governing the relation of the Crown to ministerial matters. All of which shows plainly that the little princess with the Teutonic blood in her veins is a great extent (than the rest of the ruling British house) takes a correct measurement of her sailor husband's capacities to rule a great empire, and that she is determined that if she can help it she will ask Queen Mary.

And I add that King George's wise indeed to allow himself thus to be guided. Although her affiliations have been conservative, and if anything, anti-Liberal, the Queen's advice to the King always is strictly constitutional, and given with admirable deference to the King's responsibility, in which method she shows how very shrewd and wise the short space that he has been King, that George's invariable reply when asked for instructions on any point, from arrangements for shooting parties to an important matter of state, is: "I must ask Queen Mary."

In household matters, the Queen's chief concern is economy. Already she has inaugurated and planned retrenchments in the private expenditures of the court. And she herself practices economy, selecting an example to the royal household which the officials, spoiled under the lavish rule of the late King, do not like.

When King Edward's clothes and uniforms were to be disposed of, King George was asked what should be done with them. It was presumed, naturally, that he would have some scheme in mind. But, as usual, he replied: "I must ask Queen Mary." And when the Queen was approached on the subject, she suggested that Queen Alexandra ought to be asked to give her advice in a matter concerning her late husband's wardrobe. Alexandra desired to keep King Edward's uniforms in uniform and orders. She then made out a list of persons to whom she desired that certain small souvenirs should be given. What was left was placed in a special room in Buckingham Palace.

The Duchess of Devonshire, Queen Mary's mistress of the robes, is a woman after the Queen's own heart, rigidly devoted to everything, disliking frivolity, devoted to her husband, and looking twice at every shilling before spending it. Queen Mary intends chiefly to live in Windsor Castle, because the country air is beneficial to her children. There she is more secluded. Mrs. George's presence is more sedate than Buckingham Palace would. Family prayers have become a regular institution, and taking it all in all, there has been a decided change and a complete transformation from the gay days of the last court.

Being used to spending money with a full hand, it is no wonder that Queen Alexandra is complaining that her annual income of \$250,000 is not enough for her wants, and that she has been obliged to cancel intended improvements at Sandringham and to content herself with such repairs as the state is making for her convenience at Marlborough House.

Alexandra has aged greatly since the King's death. While she does not look her years, yet, in spite of her benevolent, the magic youthfulness of face that she has, she has greatly distinguished her has been swept away.

The investiture of Lord Hardinge, of Penshurst, with the grand commandment of the order of the Star of India, recalls that just prior to the outbreak of the battle of the Marston, the King had sent her a gold hatpin. A Parisian dancer vowed that Manuel had married her "morally," but she was not so sure enough to be the mother of his messy and a daughter older than himself by a third husband still living. Preposterous as the story was on its face, it was exploited in Portugal by republicans and hurt the King with the masses.

The boy King had never talked to the girl in his life, but the boulevard press insisted that he was intimate with her. Every ballet dancer in the French capital was soon boasting that the King had sent her a gold hatpin. A Parisian dancer vowed that Manuel had married her "morally," but she was not so sure enough to be the mother of his messy and a daughter older than himself by a third husband still living. Preposterous as the story was on its face, it was exploited in Portugal by republicans and hurt the King with the masses.

Mark Twain's Prank.

"Among the many pranks of Mark Twain's journalistic days," said a Virginia City editor, "was the concoction of a speech that was put upon a famous Senator. The Senator had attended a Virginia City banquet, but had not spoken. He had a sore throat. A brother from a rival paper reached the banquet late. 'What did the Senator speak about?' the newcomer whispered to Mark Twain. 'He made a very interesting speech on the potato,' was the reply. 'The potato, eh? That's odd. Let's have the substance of it.' 'Well, my measure,' said Mark Twain, and he dictated a half column that the reporter duly printed the next morning as the distinguished Senator's valuable contribution to agriculture. 'Ladies and gentlemen, the potato is a noble vegetable. It has been my lot to be born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato—that most nutritious and nutritious root—I should now be, instead of a poor, thin, emaciated creature you see before you, a tall, stout, athletic man, able to carry an enormous weight.'"

Color Blindness in the Army.

From the Albany (N. Y.) Journal.
One of the great drawbacks in the recruiting of men for the United States army is that a large per cent of them are bothered with color blindness. Many of these men are not aware of their affliction until they are examined and told of the trouble. One of the methods of making the examination is to ask a recruit to pick out a certain colored yarn from a box containing many other colors. If the recruit is told to pick out green, he will pick out the red yarn, in case he is troubled with the color blindness. If he is told to pick out the red, he will pick out the green. It is almost a general rule that persons with brown eyes are color blind.

He Is Doubly Aggrieved.

From the New York Mail.
John Reedy, of Terre Haute, Ind., has a grievance—two grievances, in fact. He was arrested eighteen months ago on a charge of arson. That was the last word heard of him until the other day, when he succeeded in attracting the notice of the officials in a letter begging them either to try him or set him free. It appeared that Mr. Reedy had been overlooked by the authorities. He has a sound grievance against the law's delay, and in addition is pained by the reflection that he is so insignificant a person that justice has completely ignored his existence for a year and a half.

Poetic License.

From the Yonkington Telegram.
"And may I ask why you didn't accept my poem?"
"Young man, there may be such a thing as poetic license, but it doesn't permit anybody to make 'he cat' rhyme with 'eclat.'"

A Pair of Kings.

From the New York Sun.
George III was wondering how the apple got in the dumpling.
"That's nothing," he cried, "wait till you see how the colonel gets in the soup."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

Veteran Believes He Was Directly Responsible for Lender's End.

From the Springfield Republican.
John Hays, a Northern soldier, who belonged to the Third Division of the Second Army Corps, in the civil war, visited the battlefield at Chancellorsville recently, and after looking over the lay of the land closely, has since come to the conclusion that he was directly responsible for the shooting of Stonewall Jackson on May 2, 1863, which resulted in his death a few days later. The cavalry to which Hays belonged was ordered to report to Gen. Berry during the battle, but Hays could not find his way. Hays was sent out as a scout to find him.

He found Gen. Couch, and asked him where the brigade should go, and received the reply, "Damn it, go to where the fighting is!" So Hays started back, and a fast Chancellorsville. It was dusk, and while riding down a lonely road he noticed a little group of mounted men. Thinking they were Union soldiers, he started toward them, when a volley of musketry ripped out from the sides of him. His horse never flinched, received a baptism of fire, wheeled and bolted down the road.

Hays turned as he went and saw a commotion among the horsemen, and came to the conclusion that the volley had taken effect on them instead of killing him. A few days later he heard that Gen. Jackson had been fatally shot by his own men at this place. Upon his recent visit to the field he relocated the old landmarks, and a Confederate officer who was with Jackson, bore out his theory.

TO MIND ONE'S BUSINESS.

Economic Issues to Be Solved by Society with Unique Name.

From the New American Review.
This truth is becoming evident to a few, and those who are awaking to it are instituting a much-needed change of philanthropic base. They have been awakened to the necessity of a decentralized movement in social effort. Instead of joining the cry of "back to the soil" they are pondering means to keep their neighbors on the soil by transplanting to it what the human plant needs. The first step in this new social effort is to recognize that in the country some of the advantages of the city must be afforded. The next, that concerted effort can achieve more than is within the power of any individual, and that the banded efforts of the countryside richly applied will secure for the dwellers there the most desirable opportunities of city life. These leagues have been called by various names, but perhaps the most proper title would be "Societies for Minding Our Own Business."

One early member of a neighborhood league thus defined the apostrophe of this subtitle: "That is our own business. Why, to see that our taxes are properly paid; that the elected officials do their duty; that our roads are kept in order; the public health guarded; the laws obeyed; the schools maintained at a high standard; the beauty of the countryside preserved and increased, and that every one of us has an opportunity for helpful pleasure."

WHY MANUEL LOST OUT.

Royalty Not Worth Its Cost in So Poverty-stricken a Land.

From Current Literature.
What really cost Manuel the throne of Portugal was the "glaring anomaly" that royalty is not worth its cost in so poverty-stricken a land. The house of Braganza has no longer the vast wealth of Brazil to fall back upon, "yet it lives as if it owned all South America." The deposed King is, it is hinted, had the characteristic extravagance of his house. Like his father before him, he had a passion for making parties, and his weakness for giving away gold watches seemed to grow upon the King. He was indiscreet enough, we are told, to send a gold watch to an actress who sang prettily in a Paris cafe. Every newspaper on the boulevard had the news in its next edition.

The boy King had never talked to the girl in his life, but the boulevard press insisted that he was intimate with her. Every ballet dancer in the